

Life

AUTOMOBILE NUMBER



JANUARY 8, 1925

"We got one now!"

PRICE 15 CENTS





Lifetime

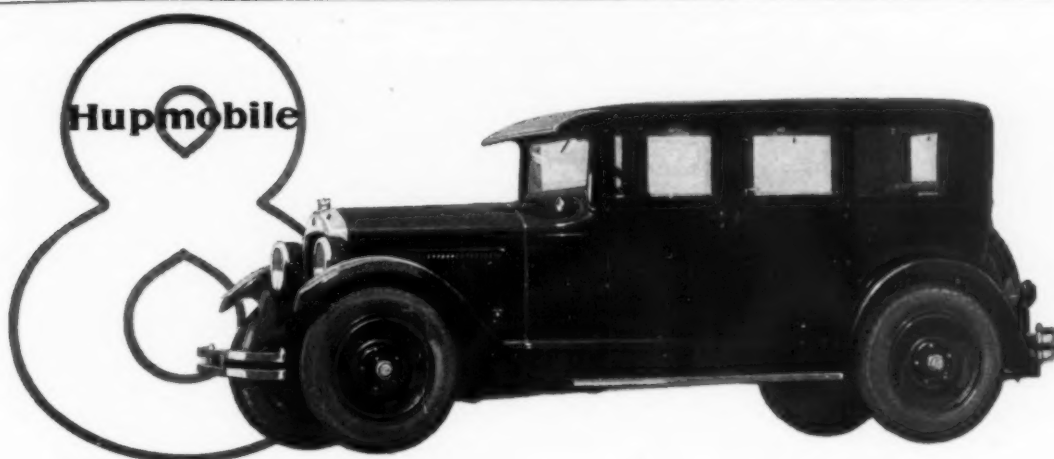
*A new triumph—an epoch-making
step in pen betterment*

You will want a fountain pen now, if never before. This beautiful green creation marks a new high point in the development of writing tools—and adds luster to an outstanding leadership. "Jadite!" A jewel-like and *unbreakable* composition that science has evolved for the barrel of this sturdy instrument. A Sheaffer achievement! To the Lifetime pen, ever an unfailing writer and always leak-proof, we have added the distinction of refined beauty—with balanced lightness and tenacious strength. Today your best dealer will be proud to show you this new triumph—green—green inlaid with a white dot, the mark of pen aristocracy.

Green "Lifetime" \$8.75—guaranteed for a lifetime Others, \$2.50 and up

SHEAFFER'S
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA



Never Before Such An Eight At Such A Price*

Here at last is an Eight with all the sound qualities of endurance and reliability which have made Hupmobile famous the world over—

Plus superiorities of its own, over and above the super-abilities of the eight-cylinder principle, which unquestionably single it out as a new leader among American eights.

Only Hupmobile itself could build such an eight, at a price which for the first time brings eight-cylinder motoring to the door of the average American family.

For Hupmobile now incorporates in its Eight a degree of economy and performing stability never before associated with the eight as a type.

In many respects the Hupmobile Eight far outdistances anything hitherto accomplished in eight-cylinder engineering in America.

1 It has the shortest, most compact eight-in-line engine ever built.

2 It produces more power per cubic inch of piston displacement than anything which has preceded it, the combustion chamber

being particularly designed to produce the highest degree of power, which can be combined with utmost smoothness.

3 Its performance is so smooth and symmetrical that there is not even a murmur of "roughness" anywhere in the engine's entire power and speed range.

4 More than any other fine car, it combines compactness for handling and parking with roominess for riding comfort.

5 It has a finer and better balanced combination of speed, lugging power and rapid acceleration than the eight type has ever before presented.

6 It records an average gasoline economy heretofore unequalled among eights—both in continuous high-speed operation and at a steady 20-mile-an-hour pace.

7 It has beauty of design, finish and equipment not excelled within \$1,000 of its price; and its own price is less than that of many sixes.

8 In unison with speeds far beyond your requirements, pick-up that almost takes your breath away, and the certainty of four-wheel hydraulic brake control, it offers unprecedented eight-cylinder gasoline economy, surpassing beauty of design, and all the old-time Hupmobile reliability.

9 In brief, the Hupmobile Eight at last strikes that fine balance between price and efficiency toward which the motor car industry has been working for 20 years.

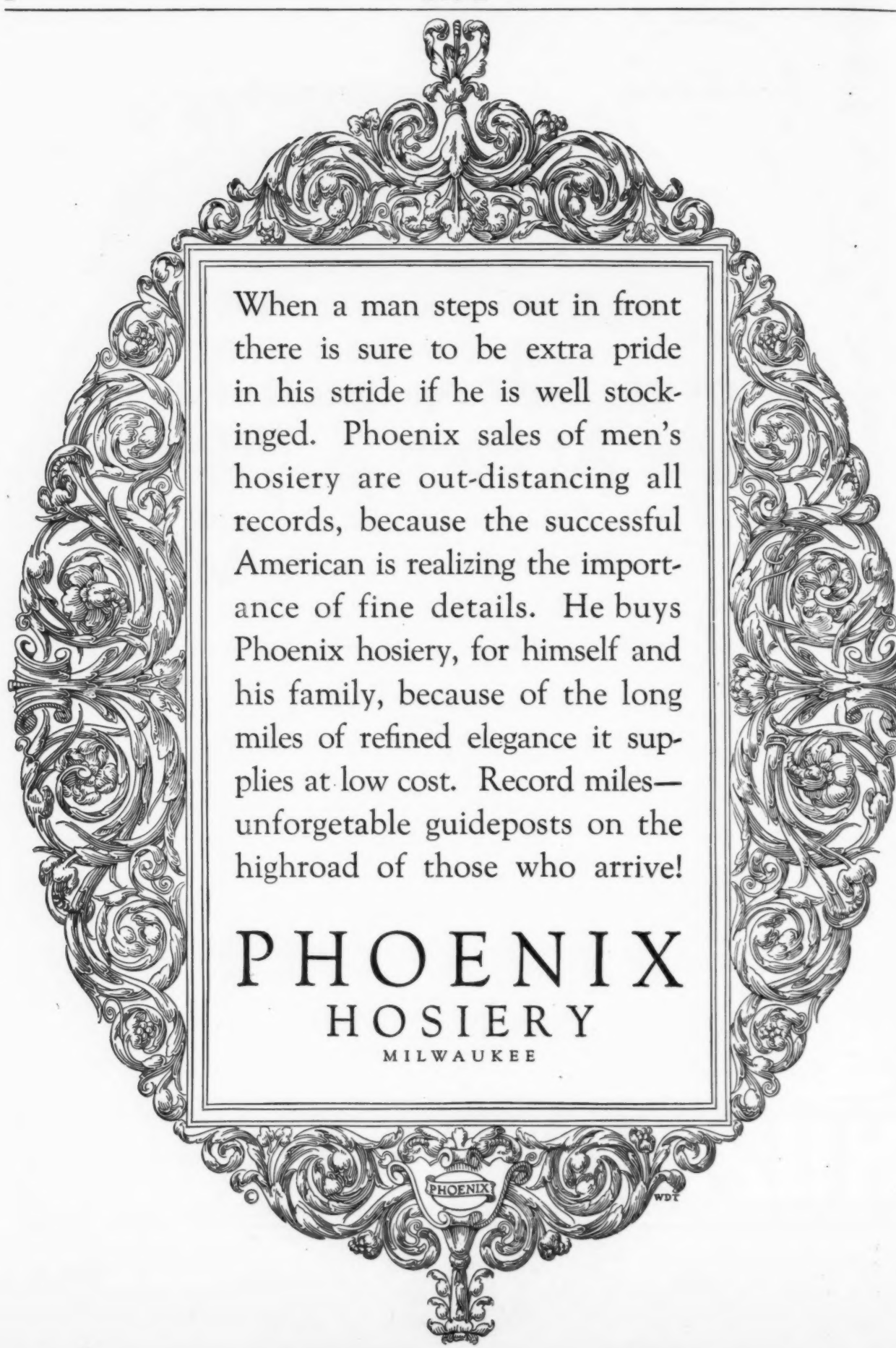
If your experience has included eight-cylinder cars—and if you have thought you already know the very finest in motoring—drive the Hupmobile Eight.

We venture to predict that the men and women who drive the Hupmobile Eight, in their own way and at their own pace, will never again be satisfied with any car that falls short of its amazing abilities.

**The price of the New Hupmobile Eight is undoubtedly the most attractive ever placed on such a car. The nearest Hupmobile dealer is now ready to give out complete price information.*

HUPMOBILE EIGHT





When a man steps out in front
there is sure to be extra pride
in his stride if he is well stock-
inged. Phoenix sales of men's
hosiery are out-distancing all
records, because the successful
American is realizing the import-
ance of fine details. He buys
Phoenix hosiery, for himself and
his family, because of the long
miles of refined elegance it sup-
plies at low cost. Record miles—
unforgettable guideposts on the
highroad of those who arrive!

PHOENIX HOSIERY

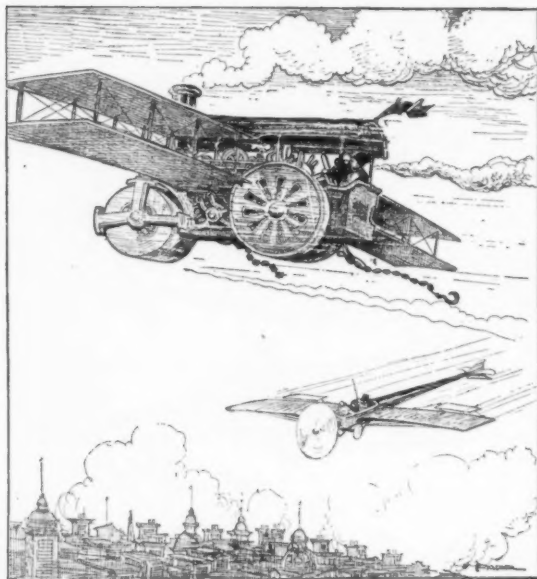
MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

WDT



1925: GEE, I HOPE SHE DON'T SKID ON ME



ROUGH SPOTS

"WHAT'S THAT STEAM-ROLLER DOING UP HERE?"
"HE'S SMOOTHING THE STATIC OUT OF THE AIR."

American Inventors' Series

William J. Board

NAPOLEON and Waterloo, England and Nelson, Bryan and Evolution, Hart, Schaffner and Marx—these names are invariably associated; and yet even more inevitably entwined is the name of William J. ("Bill") Board with the modern American countryside.

Although the fact is not generally known, when Columbus discovered America many years ago, he found a vast wilderness of hills and trees stretching farther than the eye could reach. It was Mr. Board, driving his horse and buggy through the country lanes in 1880, who first noted this deplorable waste of space.

"What good is scenery," he asked, "if you can't get to it?"

With this problem in mind, Board went to the mat with Nature and evolved the modern countryside. By placing large planks end-to-end along the roadside and effectually hiding all the unnecessary scenery, Board succeeded in substituting for the antiquated open spaces an unbroken panorama of interesting pictures and entertaining data.

The modern tourist, driving between miles of soap, bread- and cigarette-signs stretching across our broad land, derives his impression of America from this invention of "Bill" Board's.

Corey Ford.

IT'S a long lane that has any parking space.

If Road Signs Knew Candor

You Are Approaching
BOHUNKISVILLE

IN 1894 Alderman Gaylad of This Town and Five Colleagues Sold the Street Railway Franchise to the North, East, South and West Traction Company for \$87,000 Cash and a Bundle of Stock.

You Are Leaving
BLAAHTOWN

"Garden City of Blaahstown County." Population 118, when Bill Smith Isn't Off on a Selling Trip. See the New Post Office. It Cost You Plenty.

Turn Right for
MUDBERRY

The Town Hall, Built in 1908 While Rufus Rasway Was Mayor. Cost \$5,876,931.57. The Rasway Family Now Reside in Paris, France.

Straight Ahead to
BUSTVILLE

"The City of Home-Brew." Settled by Chief Selectman Paryman in 1899 and Bankrupt Ever Since.

¾ Mile More to
TENNERBERRY

Our Taxes Are the Highest in the County, but the Radio Receptivity Here Is the Clearest in the State.

James K. McGuinness.

Exercise Hints for Writers

SPEND two hours every morning splitting infinitives.

Grind out two bushels of serial daily.

Spend at least one hour with some old saws.

Cut up five long paragraphs.

Consume ½ doz. current puns.

Wade through two miles of slush.



"JUST A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN"

DESIGN FOR THOSE
WHO GO DANCING
EVERY NIGHT
IN SPACES THE
SIZE OF A
TELEPHONE
BOOTH.



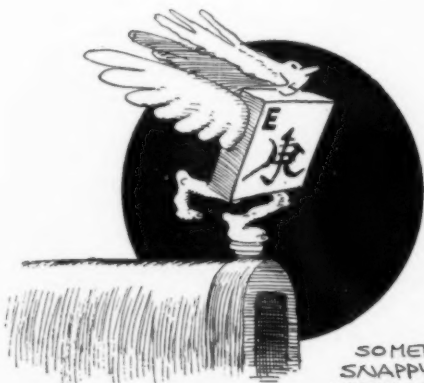
FOR CAR BELONGING TO
CROSS-WORD PUZZLE FAN.



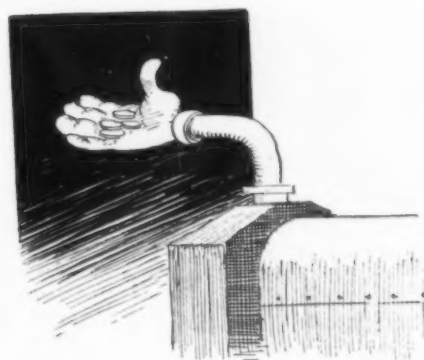
ARTISTIC
RADIATOR
CAP FOR
BOOTLEGGERS
CAR.



FOR POOR
BOOB WHO
PAID LARGE
INCOME TAX
AND THEN
SAW LIST
OF TAXES
PAID BY
SMART MEN
WITH BIG
INCOMES.



SOMETHING
SNAPPY FOR THE
WOMAN WHOSE
LIFE IS JUST ONE
LONG SUCCESSION
OF PONGS, CHOWS
AND QUONGS.



FOR WAITER, HAT-BOY
OR LANDLORD.

Elmer F.

SOME TASTEFUL DESIGNS FOR INDIVIDUAL RADIATOR CAPS



BENZOYLSULPHONICIMID is said to be five hundred times sweeter than honey. We wonder why this word has never been drawn to the attention of our sentimental song writers.

—JL

State Senator **NATHAN STRAUS, Jr.**, says that automobiles are killing the vegetation in Central Park, having already, of course, disposed of the pedestrians.

—JL

"Don't invest your money in any scheme to manufacture gold," cautions **ARTHUR BRISBANE**. There's a bit of good, sound, hard-headed, practical advice for you, Mr. Business Man. Hold on to your money! In our next issue we shall discuss a very attractive oil well proposition down in Texas. There's millions in it.

—JL

One **HARRY WESTON** asks the New York *World* for a "good lonesome job." How about a clerkship behind the Mah Jong set counter?

—JL

Word from Los Angeles informs us that a local hardware merchant has achieved the farthest west in alluring signs by rechristening his store, "Ye Olde Radio Shoppe."

—JL

The war, according to the Rev. **JOHN HAYNES HOLMES**, could not have been won if liquor had not been excluded from the armies. English, French, Belgian and Italian papers please copy.

—JL

Philadelphia had five hold-ups in one day recently. Chicago soon after countered with six. New York, with several districts yet to be heard from, is confident of retaining the inter-city championship.

—JL

A large New York mail-order house announces that no more revolvers will be sold by mail. This will be good news

to our gunmen, who are great believers in the cash-and-carry plan.

—JL

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the world's most difficult Arctic explorer to spell correctly, says that the majority of Eskimos have never seen a house of ice, and that they wear long gloves and fur collars to protect themselves, not from the cold, but from mosquitoes. Well, as **DE WOLFE HOPPER** used to say, he can speak freely.

—JL

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, whom you all know, is reported to be writing his memoirs. Suggested title: "The White House from the Outside."

Newspapers have been complaining bitterly because so many social leaders chased after the **PRINCE OF WALES** and then knelt before the Grand Duchess **KYRIL** of Russia (*obs.*). There is no room for servility, say they, in a democracy. We notice, however, that these same journals always manage to run editorials about "Our Grand Old Man" when the proprietor of a large department store celebrates his eightieth birthday.

—JL

If any more Russian grand duchesses arrive, the New York Health Department has promised prompt action to prevent a recurrence of the recent epidemic of housemaid's knee.

—JL

"The automobile," says Secretary **HOOVER**, "is here to stay." This statement, however, carries no weight with a traffic cop on a no-parking street.

—JL

A man in Racine, Wisconsin, who long ago picked up a dime dropped by Mr. **COOLIDGE** in a moment of relaxation, has returned the involuntary loan to the President, explaining that he now has plenty of dimes of his own. This reparation was made, we imagine, in strict accordance with the **DAWES** plan.

—JL

Our thrifty Mr. **COOLIDGE** dropped a dime
In some remote, undated
Anno Domini;
The finder now returns it, just in time
To aid the cause of National Economy.

—JL

The valedictorian of **DUKE** University is sure to begin his peroration with "Inhale and Farewell."

—JL

This is Well-They-Were-Good-Resolutions-While-They-Lasted Week.



Extracts from Famous Baby Books

Baby Henry Ford—Born July 30, 1863

SEPTEMBER 2, 1863—Baby plays with his rattle all day long.

October 14, 1863—Tries to stop fight between cat and dog.

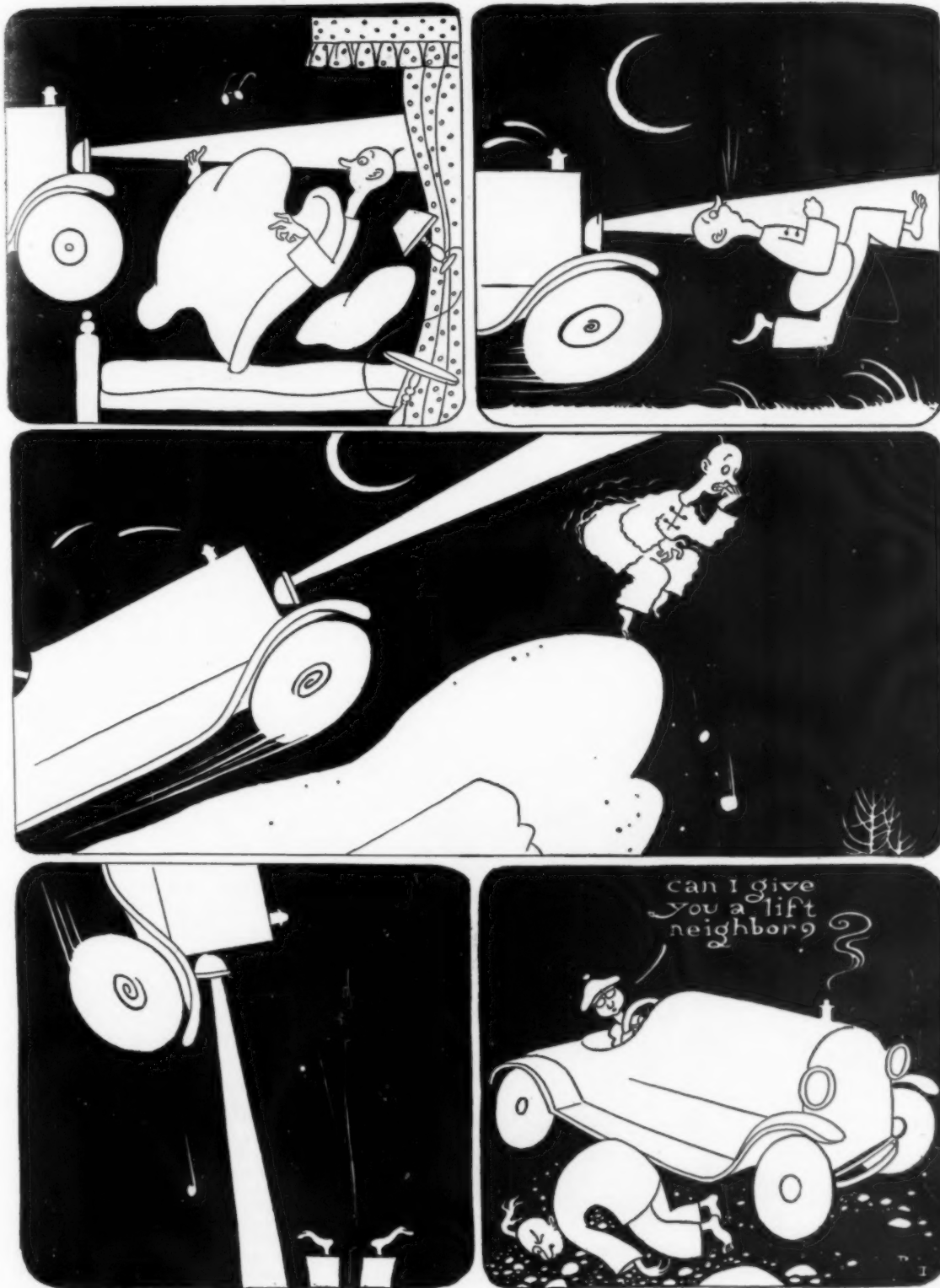
December 7, 1863—Baby makes faces at Jewish gentleman who comes to get Poppa's suit.

January 11, 1864—Baby laughs for the first time when he rolls pie plates downstairs.

July 30, 1864—Baby's first birthday. Tears a new toy horse to pieces.

December 25, 1864—Santa Claus brings Baby a patent tin baby-carriage. Neighbors start telling jokes about it.

M. A. T.



THE JAY WALKER'S DREAM



HOW SOON?

The Perfect Prospect

I AM the man for whom automobile shows are held.

For me famous designers and engineers are retained at enormous salaries.

I am the reason for all these advertisements written by the boys who intend to be novelists yet.

On my account sales-managers hold conferences and chairmen of boards of directors rap on the mahogany for hours together.

I am the perfect prospect.

I have no old car to trade in.

McCready Huston.



SELLING TALK

THE USED CAR SALESMAN TRIES TO TELL HIMSELF THAT HIS 1922 OVERCOAT IS AS GOOD AS NEW

Our Own Auto Exchange

FOR SALE: Tool box, in splendid condition, with part of chassis still attached. Also cushions, trifle stained on last trip. Noted through country as grade-crossing racer. Only lost once. Address PHRIEND, Critical Ward, General Hosp.

EXCELLENT BUSINESS CAR, rare bargain. False bottom, cap. of holding 12 cases. Six-gallon, zinc-lined spare tire with special valve cap for retail purposes. Also printed list of desirable clientele. Reason for selling: owner retiring to accept Federal position. Address B. L., 12 Millionaire Row, Gold Coast.

WHEN I BOUGHT my car one year ago, it was guaranteed best second-hand purchase on market. As good to-day as it was then. Will exchange for radio set, incubator, portable typewriter or what have you? Phone DESPERATE, Fish 001-M.

TAXICAB: Genuine St. Vitus meter with skip-stop system dial. Fine opaque isinglass shield over table of rates. Will clock as fast standing still as in motion. Large numerals on side with extra-small print below. Owner retiring to seek quiet life on Curb Market. Bonanza to "right" party. Write G. Y. P., care this paper.

Two Mothers Register Anguish

"MY dear, I nearly had a fit when I saw Cuthbert with them."

"Weren't you just too petrified?"

"I almost went crazy."

"I'm frozen stiff every time I see my children with them."

"They're so vulgar."

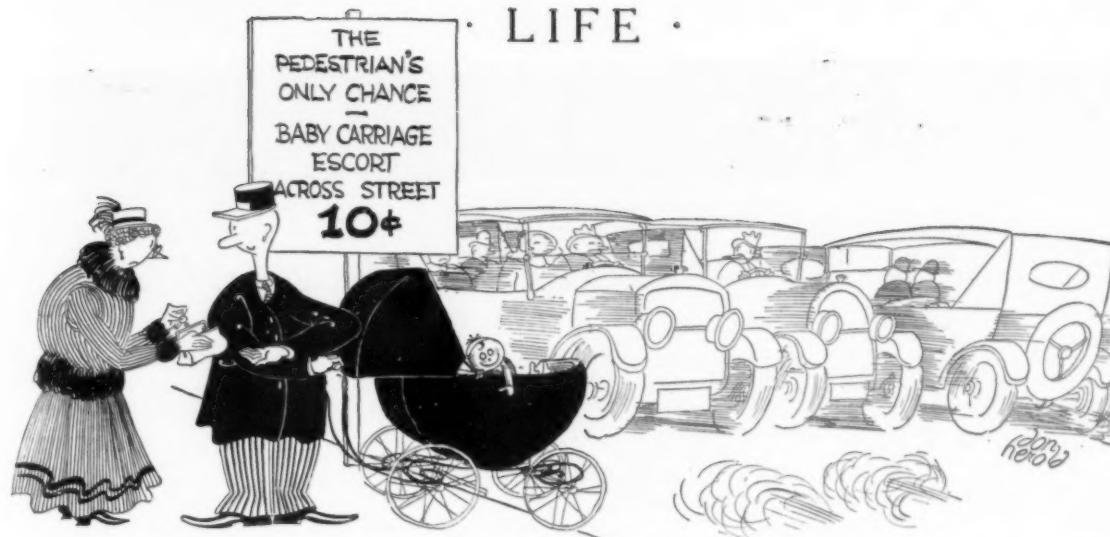
"And the language, my dear, don't you love its exaggeration?"

"I just can't see straight when my children get hold of those dreadful comics."

P. W.

LIFE'S Title Contest

ALL those who took part in LIFE's Missing Title Contest will be pleased to know that the winners of the \$1,000 in prizes will be announced in next week's issue (the Dixie Number). Many excellent answers were received among the more than 150,000 submitted. Watch for the winners next week.



HOW AN INGENIOUS MAN BECAME RICH WITH AN OLD PERAMBULATOR AND A RAG DOLL

A Bedtime Motor Fable

ONCE upon a time, dear children, there was a man who bought a second-hand car of a cheap make, which was in perfect condition. One freezing night he thought he would go to a church sociable, so he gave the crank a spin and the motor responded immediately.

As he sped noiselessly over the rough roads he congratulated himself for having spent \$37 in the purchase, and wondered if Annie Psph, whom he loved ardently, would be at the sociable. As it turned out, she was, indeed.

"Come," said our hero, whose name was Ernest Schma, "come, Miss Psph, and take a ride in my lovely second-hand car which I have purchased for \$37."

"Oh, no," remonstrated Ernest's rival, Ralph de Bilitate. "Drive instead in my new \$12,000 Ritz-Rooster."

"I shall go with Ernest," decided Miss Psph, "because I do not wish the other girls to think me ostentatious."

So they drove out into the countryside, and when they had reached a lonely sylvan spot, far from habitation, the beauteous Annie said:

"Oh, Ernest, do you not think we should do well to park here for a few brief moments, while you ascertain whether your rear light is lighted or some trouble has developed in your engine?"

"No, Miss Psph," responded Ernest; "well do I know that my rear light is lighted, and there is nothing the matter with my engine."

As they were returning home, they approached a grade crossing simultaneously with the arrival of a fast eastbound express train.

"Look, Miss Psph," said Ernest, "I will beat the train across."

They did, indeed, with yards to spare.

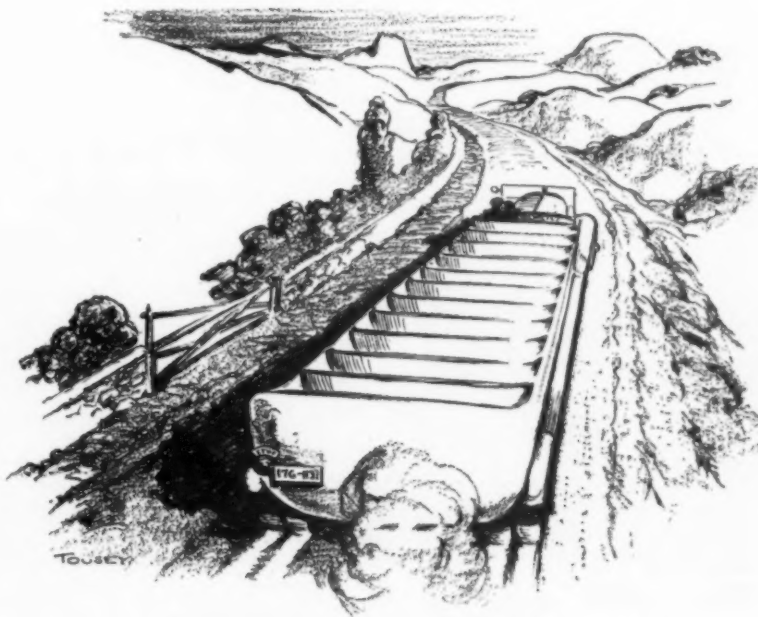
To-morrow's true story, dear children, will be how Uncle Sam has put an absolute stop to the illegal importation of liquors, thank goodness!

Tip Bliss.

In 1935

"WHO was that man you were just kissing?"

"It's all right, my dear—nothing to be ashamed of—he wasn't my husband."



THE SIGHTSEEING-BUS DRIVER TAKES HIS BEST GIRL FOR A RIDE



Anthology of a Used Car Market

A Ford

I WAS bought on the instalment plan
By a man who kept a little corner
grocery.
His wife had asthma,
And her breathing would almost drown
The noise of my engine.
Along came a big, clean grocery store
Operated by some chain system.
Then my master failed to pay
My sixth instalment.
I was sent here.
Gosh! how that woman
And those four kids
Used to enjoy
The summer breezes.

A Pierce-Arrow

THE man who bought me
Owned a shoe factory.
He had a son.
When spring came around
And birds returned again,
The boy used to take
A wide-eyed, brown-haired
Factory girl out riding.
He would tell her
Of the blue sky at Marseilles
And the immortality of the soul.
And she would listen.
The Eastbound Limited,
Shuddering and trembling,
Came around a curve—
Some smart mechanic put me together.
And here I am!
He and she



Were smashed—killed!
And both their names
Were smirched
Until Eternity
With evil, black gossip.
I wish I might testify
In their behalf.

A Buick

A FARMER out in Iowa
Owned me.
One night,
After he had plowed
Since sun-up,
He drove me to the village.
He went to the movies
And parked me outside.
The fellow who stole me,
He and his pal,
Changed my license plate
And drove me hard
Until they burned out
My bearings.
Then—
They abandoned me!
If I could have talked
And made the police
Understand,
They could have sent me
Back to Iowa,
Where I was happy—happy—
Even though some of the roads
Were not paved.

A Dodge

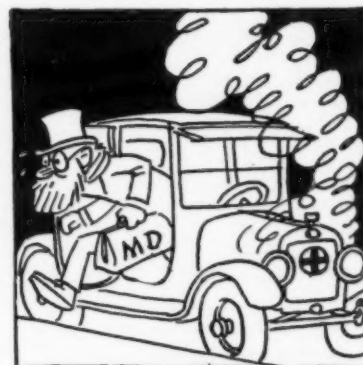
I THOUGHT
I was as good as the best
When old Doc Stover
Used to light
A long black cigar,
Turn the key,
And step on the gas,
And together we two
Would scour the town
For the sick.
Sometimes
I would find myself parked
In front of Banker Jones'
And sometimes
I'd go through mud
Up to the hubs of my wheels

To Nigger Brooks'.
I liked it.
But he sold me and bought
A 1925 Model.
I hated to leave him.
I hated it like the dickens.

A Nash

HIS father and mother
Were proud of him.
He was sixteen,
With blond, shiny hair
Combed straight back.
His eyes were brown
And honest and eager
To help solve
Some of the riddles of life.
He was president
Of his class at High.
His father had just bought me.
It was the night of
The Inter-Scholastic Debate.
He was driving up Front Street.
New rain glistened
On the pavements.
He was on the affirmative.
He had just thought of
A corking argument—
CRASH!
The lights then danced
Like a merry-go-round.
I had skidded.
His parents would never
Look at me again.
They hated me.

L. H. Hayum.





First Laborer: LOOK AT THAT TRAFFIC! AIN'T IT TERRIBLE?
Second Laborer: YEAH—A GUY TAKES HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS
CROSSING THE STREET THESE DAYS.



REPLACEMENT

Customer: YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT YOU SOLD ME A CAR RECENTLY.

Salesman: OH, YES.

"WELL, I WANT TO GET ANOTHER TO GO WITH THESE MUDGUARDS."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 1st My husband, poor wretch, was at the outset of this day in an agony and depression of which anybody observing his antics at the Bannings' party last night would never believe him capable, so all the morning gone in applying cold bandages to his head, and wondering how long he would hold out on his New Year's resolution to forego strong liquor, and it was noon before he finally demanded a beaker of whisky. The hair of the dog that bit me is the quickest remedy, he remarked with a feeble smile. Bit you! I retorted with wifely candour. That dog well-nigh de-

voured you. But he did assemble himself after several draughts, and so to Marge Boothby's, where was a great company, and I did mark that Marge was without earrings for the first time in her life. The omission was deliberate, she explained, forasmuch as the baubles no longer cling firmly to her lobes but constantly slip down to the edge, and she is unwilling the world should possess so certain an index of her age. At the dinner I did sit next a man with a malady which kept him from eating the fine dishes set before us. But Lord! I cannot find sympathy

(Continued on page 29)

Parthian Shots

IN the old days woman had the last word. Nowadays the flivvers have it. A scientist, after examining the spare tires of 6,784,324 flivvers, reported that 6,678,222 carried signs to this effect:

"Dante's Inferno."

"The First Musketeer."

"The Tin You Love to Touch."

"Where Papa Goes, Mama Goes, or Lizzie Stays at Home."

"There's Nothing More to Be Said."

"Sister, You'd Look Tough Without Paint, Too."

"I'm Not as Innocent as I Look."

"I Also Ran."

"I Got a Dog; I Got a Cat; and One More Payment Due on This."

"I Ain't Goin' to Run No More."

"Four Wheels; Four Brakes; Forty-Eight More Payments Due."

"Roam, Rome, or Ruin!"

"God Save the Road."

"Shoot! But Spare the Tire."

"Baby Packard."

"Leap; Look Afterward."

"Don't Hit Me; I'll Give Up."

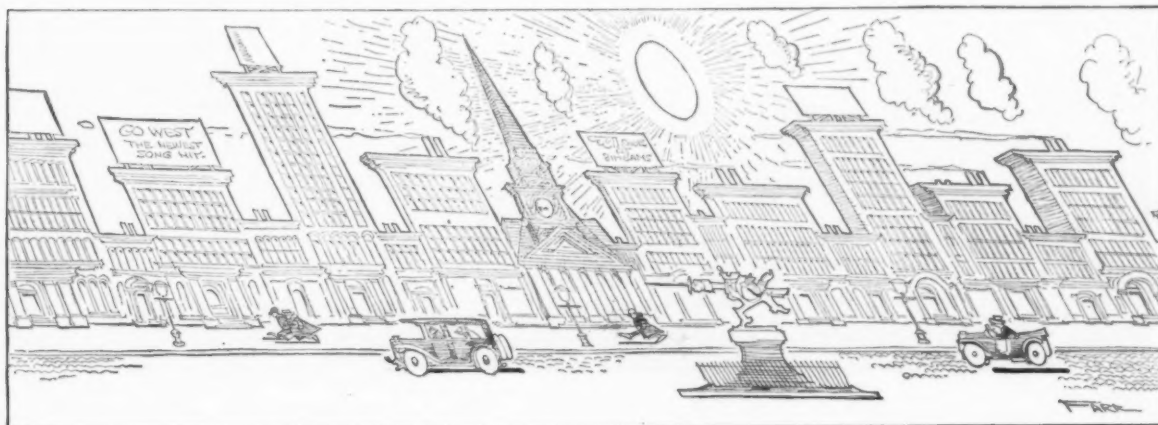
W. C. Stouffer.

No Claim Allowable

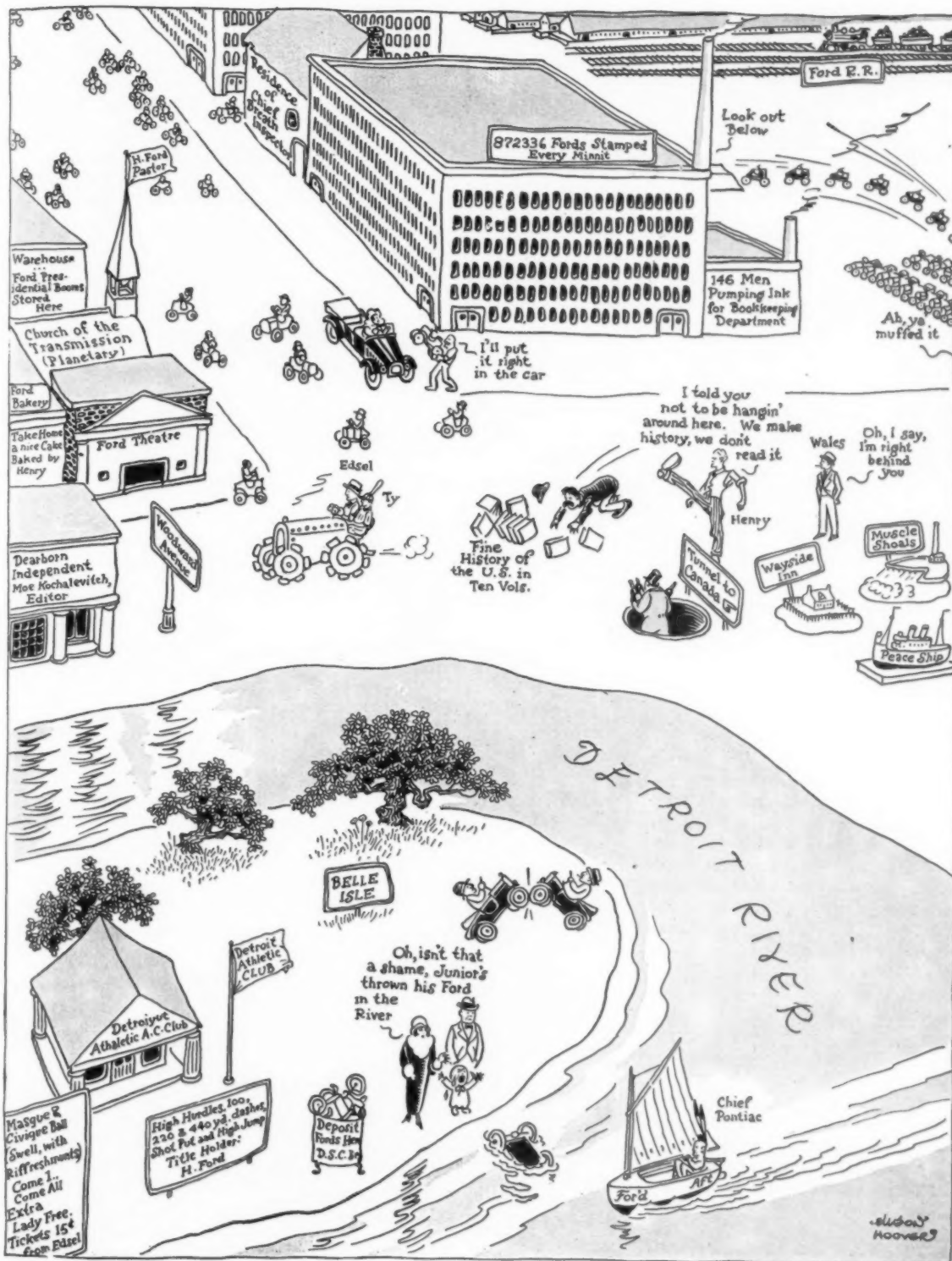
MARCUS: The thief ran the car in the ditch, broke the windshield and stole the tools. Lucky thing I took out that blanket insurance policy.

MARIE: But, dearie, he didn't take the blanket.

A STATE eugenist is proposed for Indiana. His business probably will be to see that only Nordics are born in the state.



THE ONE-WAY TRAFFIC STREET EVENTUALLY GETS THAT WAY ITSELF



An Impression of Detroit

By One Who Has Never Been There



JANUARY 8, 1925

VOL. 85. 2201

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
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OUR neighbor, the *Scientific American*, is interested in Spiritism and has been doing its best to discover and disclose what there is in it, especially on the physical side. The most interesting part of Spiritism is the other, the religious side of it, but the physical side is important, and because it belongs to physics it is more in the department that belongs to the *Scientific American* than the other. It was on the physical side—in table-tipping and such things—that the present activity started, and still, though the communications may belong to religion, the force that conveys them and the process by which they come belong to physics.

Well, the *Scientific American* has wanted to know, and it offered a prize for manifestations that a committee should decide were valid and not accounted for by forces as yet understood. After some experiences with mediums who, for one reason or another, did not make good, there came from Boston "Margery," who did not care about the paper's five-thousand-dollar prize, but would do what she could to convince the committee. With her there were many sittings, running over a period of eight months. As to the result of them there is no certification as yet of the validity of spiritist phenomena and no award of the prize, but there is quite a pretty fight involving the dissatisfaction of the medium and her husband and of two members of the committee with the other three committeemen. The medium's husband, Dr. Crandon, a physician in good standing in Boston, has put out a long letter in the newspapers in which he expresses his opinion of the committee

and especially of Houdini, the magician, who was one member, and Houdini replies in a communication almost as protracted and rather less urbane.

THIS result is about what one would expect. Some minds, and very good ones, find in Spiritism something of extraordinary interest and of great prospective value to overcome the fear of death and revive religious faith in many who have lost it. Others see in it nothing but tricks and delusions. If there is truth in it, a man like Houdini, whose business is doing tricks and who must see in every medium a professional rival, is not likely to be helpful in getting at it. Neither is a man like De Heredia, the Jesuit, whose concern is to expose cheats, spatter with ridicule everything done by spiritists and demonstrate possibly that the only safe avenue of communication with the invisible world is through a guaranteed organization such as he belongs to. These persons are out to find lies in all the spiritist demonstrations and of course they often find them, but their usefulness seems to be limited to that. The people that have a chance to get at the truth are those who are looking for truth. It is they who will find it in Spiritism, if it is there; not the others.

Detectives like Houdini are useful when there are crooks to be caught, but otherwise they diffuse an atmosphere of suspicion and antagonism which naturally would blight proceedings so delicate as the efforts of disembodied people to demonstrate their presence. Imagine Houdini let loose on wireless in its early stages!

TAKE up any newspaper that prints news and read the daily tale of murders, hold-ups, assaults and exhibi-

tions of criminal energy of all kinds. It goes on day after day. It is extraordinary and not a little appalling. What is the cause of it? The war? Prohibition? Automobiles? Bad administration of the criminal law? High wages that have put money enough into irresponsible hands to create the need of more at any cost? We seem far more than usual to be living shoulder to shoulder with large numbers of people without any moral sense. Prohibition has given us laws which a large part of the community consider to have no moral force; that is, they do not think that the actions which these laws prohibit are morally wrong. They do not think drinking is wrong so long as it is properly done, and they have a warrant for that opinion which in this country runs back at least three hundred years, and beyond that indefinitely. We know all that. We know there could not be bootleggers unless somebody bought their products, and that it would be much easier to put them out of business if they were not able to trade with reputable people. We know the bootlegger activity is very demoralizing. We know the administration of justice when criminals are caught is not good; that convictions are slow and hard to get, and punishment, when there is any, follows the crime much too far off. It is very bad, this current state of affairs, and at the same time extraordinary and perplexing. Here are times of great prosperity in the country accompanied by great unrest and extraordinary activity among criminals. If there is any talent that could help us in these matters, fetch it along. We seem to need some new organization of society to stop murders and hold-ups, and even more than that, to cure the state of mind which is behind them.

KNOX COLLEGE in Galesburg, Ill., is about to lose its President, who is going to Wesleyan. A cry goes up from Knox: "We want Alexander Meiklejohn for President of Knox." Knox is an important college. It is not very rich, but it has made a name for itself by turning out remarkable men. In that respect it is something like Amherst. There may be something in this call of Dr. Meiklejohn to Knox. So far it seems to be a call of students.

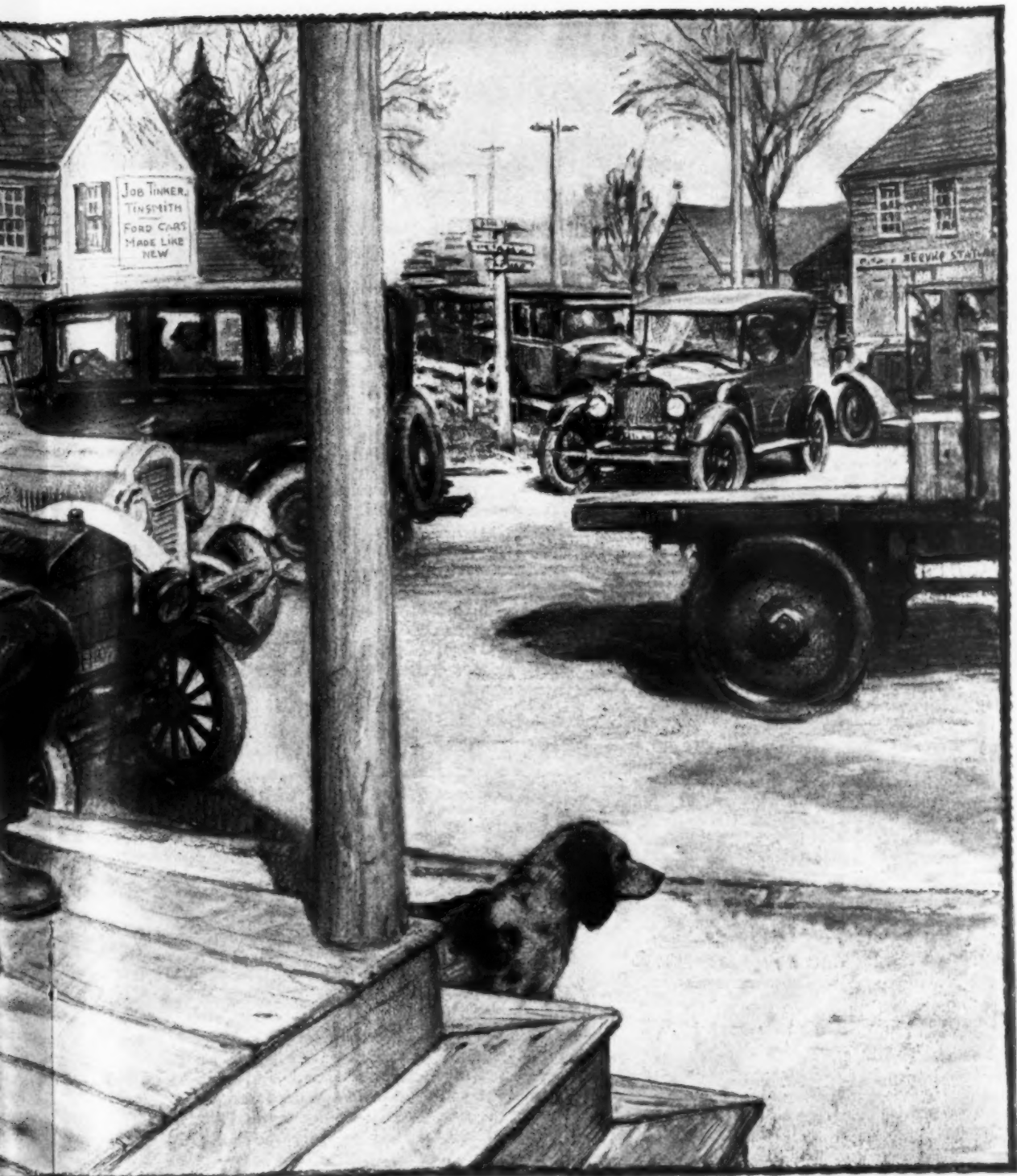
E. S. Martin.



"KEEP OUT OF THE WAY, THEN!"



"D'ye know, Hen—I believe the au



ieve the automobile has come to stay!"



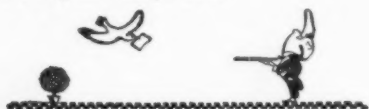
Let's See, Now

THERE is something about "The Youngest" which is like a charming, well-bred young man wandering about with amnesia. It has almost everything that a nice little comedy should have, except that it forgets where it is going and where it was half an hour before. Sometimes it even forgets to move.

This does not prevent your enjoying each bit as it comes along, but it does prevent your carrying away anything very definite as to just *quod erat demonstrandum*. Personally, we like plays which are just pleasant as they go along and prove nothing, but that probably isn't the way to write plays.

We have a feeling that Philip Barry didn't write "The Youngest" that way either. It sounds as if it had been written by popular subscription. Several people must have each brought something from home to put into it, like food for a picnic in the woods, with the result that it lacks a certain homogeneity.

There is a lot about a will and statute No. 356486 State of New York which stirred us only when the mention of the statute gave the hero a chance to say: "Statute of whom?" That shows the kind of theatregoer we are, but it's too late to try to change now.



HENRY HULL makes up for a great deal of the diffusion of "The Youngest" by a definite and straightforward performance as the bedeviled young man. And Katherine Alexander would make up for anything in the worst play in the world by simply walking across the set and laughing. Pretty soon we are going to get where we had rather watch Miss Alexander cross the set and hear her laugh than listen to Edith Wynne Matthison recite "The quality of mercy is not strained." Maybe to-morrow.



SINCE Mr. Belasco has evidently decided that his new mission in the theatre is to spread the good news of the attraction of one sex for the other, we much prefer that he accomplish it through the medium of a play like "Ladies of the Evening" rather than one like "The Harem." "Ladies of the Evening" is at least honest.

In fact, when you take it for what it sets out to be, an old-fashioned, Grand Opera House morality play, with the girl who went wrong (Miss Beth Merrill) confronting the

man who saved her (Mr. James Kirkwood) in the last act and falling into his arms, it is more than satisfactory in its class. Its bits of explicit sex conversation (and pretty explicit they are, too, even to old men-of-the-world like the staff of this department) somehow ring true enough to make them no giggling matter; and there is one scene, wherein two young ladies entertain a couple of members of a watchmakers' convention in their as-yet-unpaid-for suite in an Atlantic City hotel, which, unless we are very ingenuous, was written by Mr. Milton Gropper in all sincerity and with just a touch of bitterness at the ways of the world. The fact that Miss Edna Hibbard makes the age-old rôle of the slangy girl-friend (we use "slangy" in its broadest sense) exceedingly amusing and vivid does not detract from the essential sobriety of the scene. And the fact that Mr. John Carmody, as *Andrew*, the inhibited watchmaker, is highly comic does not make his presence in the room under the circumstances any the less depressing.

We may be reading a mood into Mr. Gropper's work which he was far from being in when he wrote it. It may be just a dirty play. It certainly is full of the old hoke. But even at that we prefer our dirt like this rather than as it is dished in the other current Belasco contribution to the American drama, "The Harem."



WE took a look in at "The Show-Off" recently, rather apprehensive that the players in that year-old comedy might, by this time, be falling into the common habit among long-run actors of taking their success for granted and rattling along with their eyes half-closed and their minds on their supper. It was quite thrilling to find them all playing it better than when the play first opened. Especially Helen Lowell, as the mother, has fought off what was an almost inevitable danger of over-acting, and is displaying a repression and delicacy in her characterization which, considering the length of the run, is almost unbelievable.

On the other hand, "The Firebrand," which has been a success for only a few months, is in danger of being turned into a rough-and-tumble revue-sketch by the gradually broadening slap-stick of the star, who, in a very obvious attempt to gather in laughs which were originally credited to Mr. Morgan, is mugging and bounding about, with here and there a few of Miss Beatrice Lillie's gestures, and in general displaying signs of success-ennui which are usually found in a road company of the Passing Show of 1921. We would recommend that Mr. Schildkraut take an afternoon and see a matinee of "The Show-Off."

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bully. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Carnival. *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

Conscience. *Belmont*—Considerable talk, and one fine performance.

Dancing Mothers. *Masine Elliott's*—About the young folks and what's to be done with them.

Dawn. *Eltinge*—More about the young folks.

Desire Under the Elms. *Greenwich Village*—Rustic romance which begins like O'Neill's best and ends like his worst.

Old English. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

Othello. *Shubert*—Walter Hampden.

Parasites. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Francine Larrimore in a play about night-life at Bar Harbor.

Silence. *National*—A crook play made for H. B. Warner.

Simon Called Peter. *Klaw*—Made from the novel, if you know what we mean.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Garrick*—Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett in one of the season's justified successes.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—A war play which shows up war—and other war plays.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Well, there was this man who went down to the tropics—

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Contest for line closes at midnight, or at the latest, quarter-past midnight, on January 8. At present Mr. Arthur Marx is leading with "No worse than a bad cold."

Badges. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Gregory Kelly and Madge Kennedy in an amusing detective thing.

The Farmer's Wife. *Comedy*—English rustics talking cheerily about marriage.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—Delightful liaisons of Benvenuto Cellini, with Joseph Schildkraut as the kid himself.

Grounds for Divorce. *Empire*—Ina Claire making a silk purse out of something else.

The Guardsman. *Booth*—Should be seen for the performances of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt alone.

The Habitual Husband. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Harem. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric in something fondly described as "daring."

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Little Clay Cart. *Neighborhood*—Very nice Indian (East) comedy.

Milgrim's Progress. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed next week.

Minick. *Bijou*—O. P. Heggie in a true play of home life.

New Brooms. *Fulton*—A Frank Craven opus, with the author as star and producer.

Peter Pan. *Knickerbocker*—Marilyn Miller in a revival of Barrie's fantasy.

Pigs. *Little*—A play about the younger generation which is refreshingly amusing.

Quarantine. *Henry Miller's*—Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer in something good enough but no better.

The Sap. *Apollo*—Raymond Hitchcock back again in his old form.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Youngest. *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Annie Dear. *Times Square*—Billie Burke and Ernest Truex in a musical version of "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

Artists and Models. *Astor*—You know. **Betty Lee.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—Ed Wynn.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—If you don't laugh at the Marx Brothers you are off our list.

Kid Boots. *Schwyn*—Eddie Cantor's big show.

Lady, Be Good. *Liberty*—The Astaires and Walter Catlett in very good stuff, with music to match.

Madame Pompadour. *Martin Beck*—An imported score which justifies all the trouble.

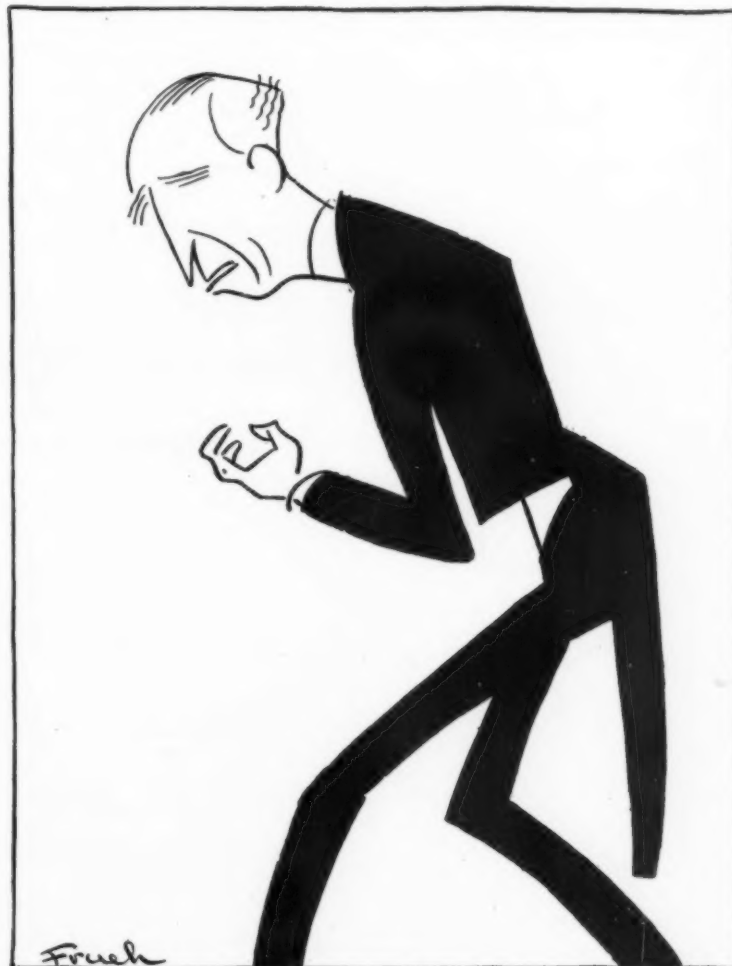
Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Fannie Brice heading a superior cast in a superior revue.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—All right.

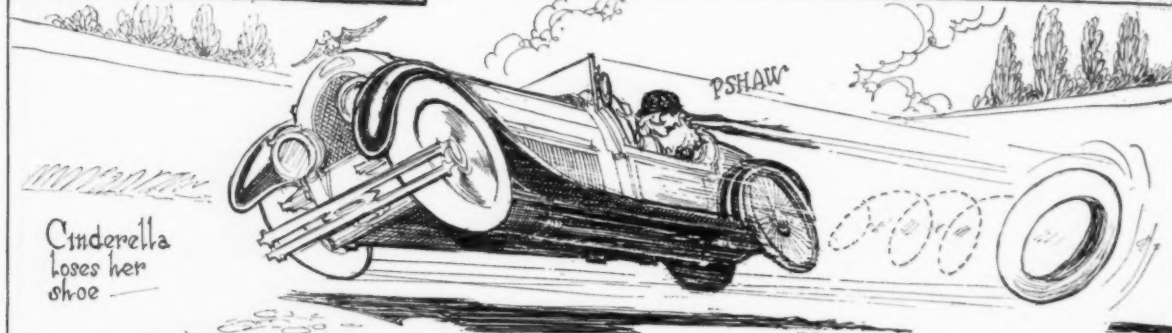
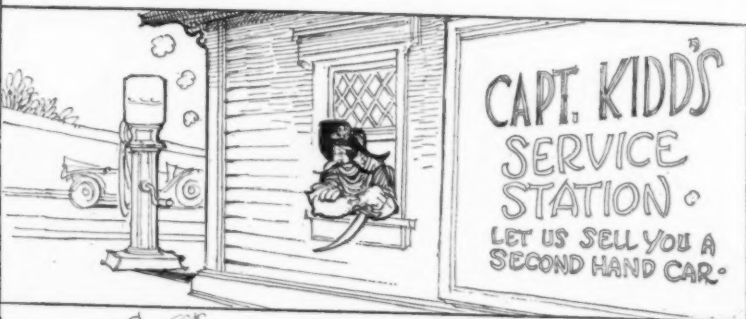
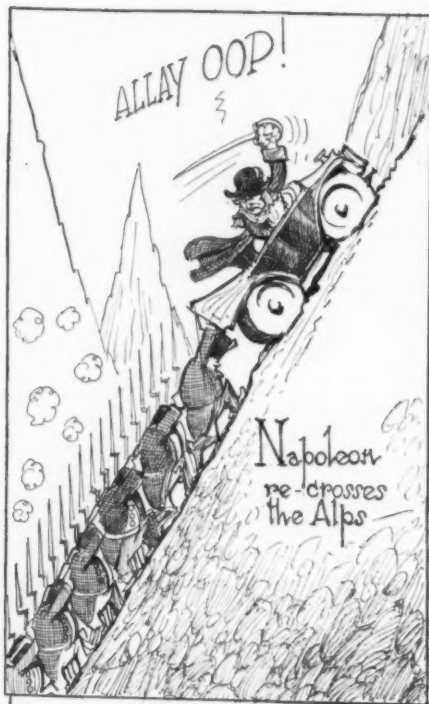
Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Just about as nice as you will find.

Topsy and Eva. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed later.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Will Rogers and others.



H. B. WARNER IN "SILENCE"



Spoken by the Owner of an X—* Car
(With the Necessary Apologies to Shakespeare)

BEING your slave, what can I do but tend
Upon you, that were once my heart's desire?
No cash nor idle hours have I to spend
If I'm to do the things that you require.
Scarce may I curse the world-without-end hour
That I, O tyrant, on the road have lain,
Thinking the taste of bolts and spark-plugs sour,
As I investigate your sudden pain;
Nor do I question my garageman's bill,
Nor wonder why you have that bronchial roar,
Nor ask why, each grim day, I must refill
The gas-tank that was full the night before—
And yet, when you pass on, as all cars do,
I know I'll buy another just like you.

Loretta Roche.

*Reader may supply name of any car he particularly dislikes.



THE SELF-TALKER

REAR SEAT DEVICE DESIGNED FOR LONELY BACHELORS

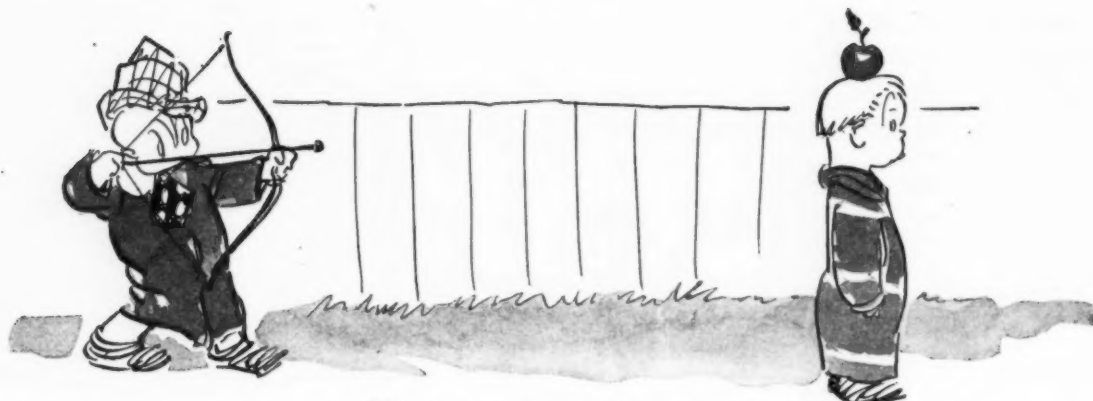
Fable

ONCE upon a time there was an actor who not only realized that his histrionic abilities were enormously limited, but likewise appreciated the fact that his salary was altogether too high.

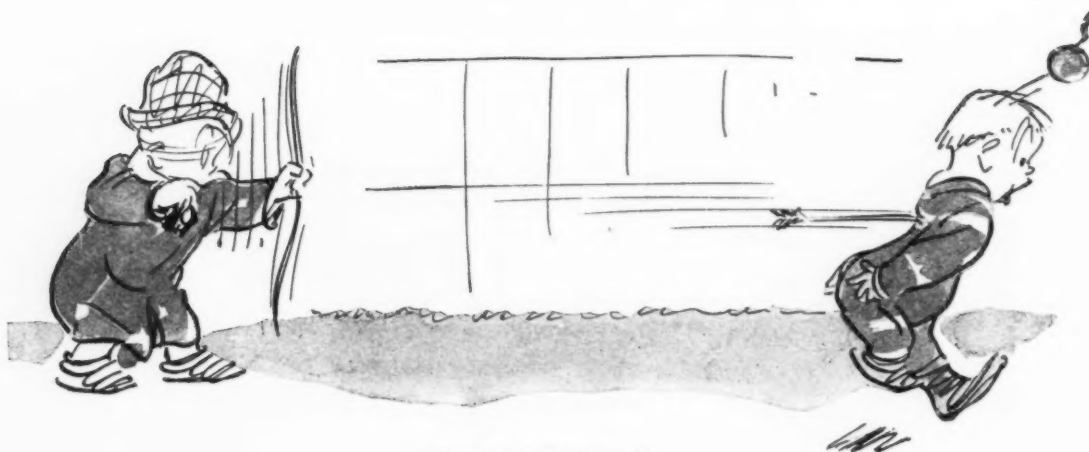
DOCTOR: It's a boy!
YOUNG HUSBAND (solving crossword puzzle): No; I think it's "lad." The key letter is "l."



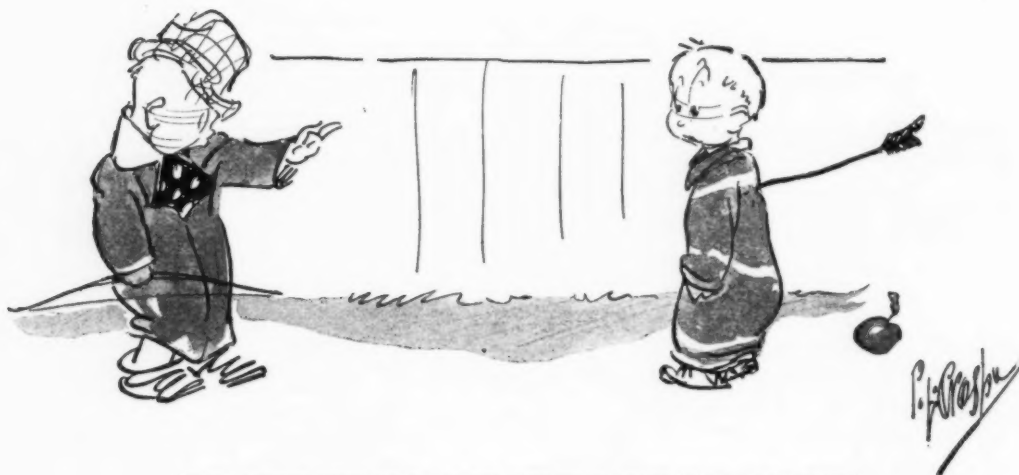
AN INTERRUPTED LINE OF COMMUNICATION



Skippy: I MUST SAY THAT'S VERY NICE.



"MY! MY! TCK! TCK!"



"COME AROUND WITH LITTLE APPLES LIKE THAT AGAIN 'N' YA CAN'T PLAY."

Skippy

· LIFE ·

The Indian Sign

23

WHENEVER I'm touring
Alluring
Broad highways
Or asphalted by-ways
Through countrysides sweet,
With motor that's humming
And thrumming,
I know that—
In time, as I go, that
I'm certain to meet
The sign that is legion whatever the region,
The sign that means language impure,
The sign that disperses your patience in curses:

"DETOUR!"

Detour!
Go round through a bog and a moor!
Go over a mountain, go down a ravine
And follow a rabbit's track over the scene.
Go ford a swift river—and ten miles beyond
Bump over a pasture and ooze through a pond;
Oh, this is a sign it is hard to endure—

"DETOUR!"

"Detour via Hicksville
To Cricksville
And Jaytown"—
Or some far away town
That's not on the map;
And then when you get there
You're met there
With placards
That tell Fords or Packards,
"Detour to South Yap!"
The roadways are racking, your bones all are cracking,
Your springs are deformed beyond cure;
You somehow keep driving—and find, on arriving,

"DETOUR!"

Detour!
The landmarks grow fewer and fewer;
Detour over cowpaths, detour over sand,
Detour over trails that are seemingly planned
As mudbaths and swimming-holes. Lost and uncharted,
You finally get to the place where you started!
Oh, this is the motorist's nightmare for sure,

"DETOUR!"

Berton Braley.

The Party Line

"OL' Miser Smith was in to Lawyer Phelps' to add another clause to his will on account of th' money he got fer th' hawg he sold thet same mornin'.

"Well, I dunno about Jane, but folks can't be expected to think th' best of a woman thet wears silk stockin's doin' her housework.

"Mary Ellen Brown was sayin' yesterday she wouldn't marry th' best man on earth, so I guess you were right about Joe Wiley goin' to stay in Noo Yawk fer good.

"Say what you like, but it's a small town can't have one good scandal.

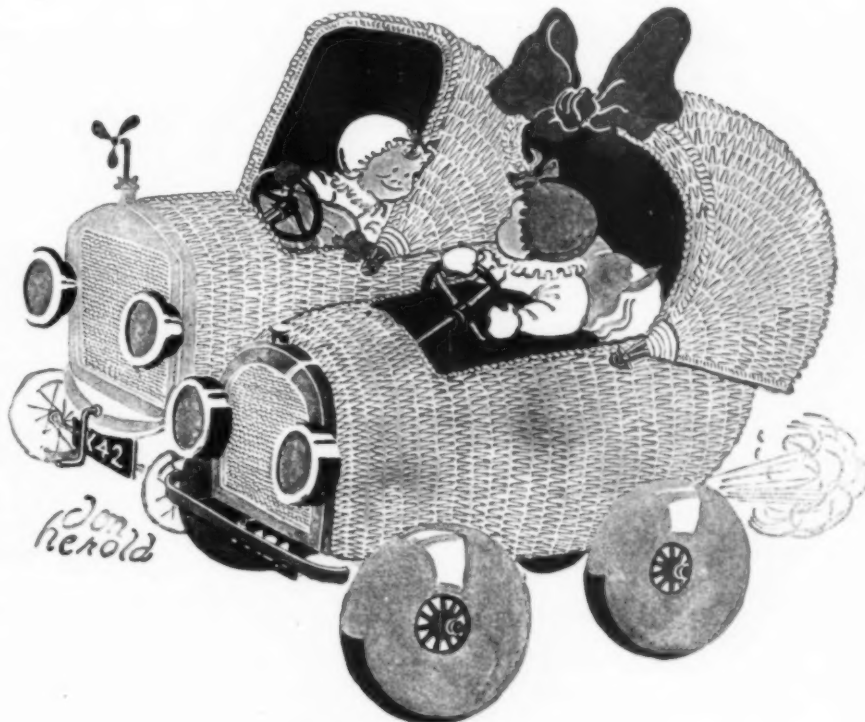
"You take th' Widow Lyons with her nine children, an' only t'other day I was comfortin' her an' sayin' to her, 'Children is nothin' but expense these days. There's more money in calves.'

"There's only two kinds of women any more. Them that uses rouge, an' them that's afeard of their husbands.

"You can't tell me thet Bill Hargley is sorrowin' for his wife dyin', not with him shavin' twic't a week."

James K. McGuinness.

THE billboards must go. We need the room for hot-dog stands, road-houses, and filling stations.



"YES, I HELD OUT FOR BALLOON TIRES. I HAD TO RAISE AN AWFUL HOWL, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU THESE DAYS."

THE SILENT DRAMA

"North of 36"

THERE is a laborious attempt to endow "North of 36" with the same epic quality that dignified "The Covered Wagon." For no reason whatever, subtitles like this are inserted: "You will become one of the pioneers who helped to heal the wounds of conflict by uniting the North and South and opening up what will eventually be known as The Great West"—giving the organist an opportunity to play "Yankee Doodle" with one hand, "Dixie" with the other and "California, Here I Come" with his feet.

"North of 36," for all these attempts, does not possess the heroic sweep of "The Covered Wagon"; it is nothing more, in fact, than just a real good picture. It is rather shaky in its continuity and its villainy is a bit too deeply dyed, but it is acted with genuine feeling and it includes several magnificent scenes.

The story is by Emerson Hough, and it considers the trials of a Texas girl who was determined to drive her herd of cattle through the Comanche wilderness to the railroad terminus at Abilene, Kansas. The steers, under the direction of Irvin Willat, stampede madly all over the Lone Star State, and provide many legitimate thrills.

The epic value of "The Covered Wagon" lay not in the wagons themselves—nor in the perils they confronted—but in the humble plows which they carried. The average milk-fed spectator could not but be impressed by the thought of men and women who would undergo incredible hardships for the sake of using a plow.

"Tongues of Flame"

TWO weeks ago I called attention to the fact that Thomas Meighan has slipped back in the past year. This loss is due not to any depreciation in the ability or the personality that made him famous but to the miserable quality of the stories in which he has appeared. It is probable that much of the blame for this is assignable to Meighan himself.

"Tongues of Flame," his latest, is awful—and will inevitably injure his prestige.

It is a proven fact that no star, however important, can survive with poor material. He is established, in the first place, by his work in good pictures, and it is upon the maintenance of this standard that his reputation depends.



"Inez from Hollywood"

ANOTHER taste of the cinema citadel comes to us under the title, "Inez from Hollywood."

Inez, the heroine, has a bad name in "filmdom," and is reputed to be "the worst woman in Hollywood"; but for all that, as is explained, she is popular with her fellow stars "because of her sense of humor and not because of her famous sex appeal."

This is a dull picture. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone sit together and talk at great length in sub-titles, with no attempt on the director's part to make them express anything in terms of action.

"Romola"

LILLIAN GISH made a bad mistake when she picked "Romola" as a suitable vehicle for the exploitation of her undisputed talents. (I use "undisputed" because Miss Gish has lately been discovered by the great minds, some years after the lowly mob had paid her the tribute of its profound appreciation.)

"Romola" is an involved drama of mediaeval horror in Florence, concerning itself principally with the preachings of Savonarola and the ambitious treachery of a Greek cad. Romola, herself, as played by Miss Gish, is compelled to remain in the background while other characters monopolize the plot. These other characters are not particularly interesting, and neither are the episodes through which they move.

There are, however, a few remarkable close-ups of Miss Gish which possess more dramatic vehemence than all the plots that Italian history has produced; there is some lovely scenery, which is genuine Florentine, and there is one situation wherein Charles Lane gives a vitally affecting performance. This is all that can be said for "Romola" and, in view of the length of the production, it is not nearly enough.

R. E. Sherwood.



HOW A BUSY STREET LOOKS TO A NEW DRIVER



George Washington *and the* Series 80

UPON George Washington's estate was a mill in which the wheat from his farm land was ground into flour of fine quality. The flour was placed in sacks upon which the name "George Washington" was stamped. And wherever this flour was offered for sale, housewives accepted it *without question*—without inspection. They knew that George Washington's good name would never be placed on anything but the finest flour—that each sack would contain full measure and honest weight.

Last August a new car was announced by The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company—a more moderate-sized and more moderate-priced companion to the large Pierce-Arrow.

And just as the good housewives of long ago accepted George Washington's flour without doubt or question, so men have accepted this newest Pierce-Arrow product—the Series 80.

They know that The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company would not allow its good name to be placed upon any car that did not fully meet the long-established standards of the company.

That is why several hundred men placed orders for the Series 80 before the first cars were made—without even seeing the car or knowing its price.

That is why many others ordered the Series 80 immediately following the first

public announcement—after seeing *only a picture* of the car and reading its description and price.

That is why—though only six months old—the Series 80 is today serving several thousand owners.

At the national Automobile Shows you may see this latest Pierce-Arrow car—the Series 80.

Both closed and open models—the finest product of Pierce-Arrow coach workers—are being shown in new and distinctive color combinations.

But to fully appreciate what Pierce-Arrow building offers you in this more moderate-sized car—what it means in comfort and in road performance—only a trip through city streets and over country highways will suffice.

This trip may easily be arranged, either at the Automobile Show or through our representative in your city. He will gladly place a car at your disposal for the purpose.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

PIERCE-ARROW

Series 80 7-passenger touring
\$2895
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Financing arrangements are offered by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation, a banking institution



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Retirement

Many a merry quip is gleaned from the want ads, and then occasionally there appears an ad full of real pathos. Here's one from Situations Wanted:

"LONGHAND addressing at home by ex-teacher."—*Kansas City Star*.

Add Similes

Mr. Frank J. Wilstach's "A Dictionary of Similes" is incomplete. It fails to include Kin Hubbard's "Little Golden Moots came in th' grocery t'day shiverin' like a Ford fender."—*New York World*.

CALLER: Do you know, Dorothy, that you are the perfect image of your father?

DOLLY: Oh, yes; I am often taken for my papa.—*Boston Transcript*.

"How's chances on a drink?"
"Rather dangerous."

—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*.



GOOD ADVICE

"SEE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE?"

"YES."

"WELL, LOOK OUT—HE'S A CROOK."

—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)*.

It must be disappointing to the would-be athlete to spend four years in college and have nothing to show for it but an education.—*Detroit News*.

Brazilian English

"English for the Mass" is the title of a booklet published in Para, Brazil.

"The American Sellsman," writes the author, "is typically of an energy which is to admire in the warmth of the tropics. Of a youthfulness generally he breathes lively and walks springly, searching his customer loyally for the firm his. Yet under the breast of the American sellsman beats the heart warmness, therfor let us give greeting smiles with two hands open to him, crying 'welcome to Brazil, Mister.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

Six Cubits and a Span

"George," asked the teacher of a Sunday School class, "what man above all others shall you wish to see when you get to Heaven?"

His face bright with anticipation, George replied: "Goliath."

—*London Daily News*.

Horrors!

A young husband was dickering with the radio when friend wife started an argument about some trifling matter. "Listen," said husband. "If you don't shut up, I'll turn Zion City on you."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

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The Plaza Building, showing the PALM BEACH Store of Brooks Brothers



View from the Patio of the Plaza Building

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In the heart of the Theatre, Shopping
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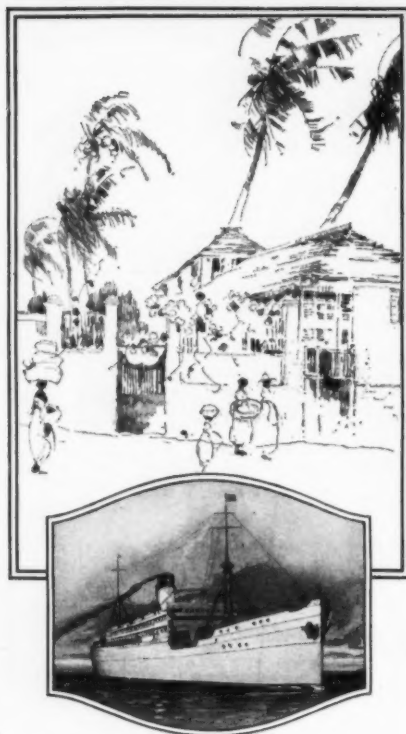
**New Orleans Newest and
Finest Hotels**



GUARANTEE

"YOU ARE SURE THAT THIS BULLET-PROOF VEST
WILL STAND THE STRAIN?"

"SURE! IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR
MONEY BACK."



GREAT WHITE FLEET

NO CRUISES to the West Indies—or elsewhere—offer so much in shore excursions, hotel accommodations and genuine hospitable treatment, afloat and ashore, as those of the Great White Fleet.

On these magnificent steamships, specially built for tropical travel, every passenger is a guest, with all the consideration and privileges accorded honored guests.

Food, service and amusements—which means everything from auto trips to deck sports—are of the unvarying high quality which has made Great White Fleet cruises known the world over as the final word in luxurious travel.

Remember that the United Fruit Company carries only first class passengers on all its ships, and this unvarying policy makes easier the well established rule that every passenger is a guest.

—and the fact that we do not send out casual cruises to the Tropics aids us in maintaining our wonderful service, for twice a week, every week in the year, Great White Fleet ships sail from New York and New Orleans. You can enjoy our cruises in June or December, or in any month of the year, for there is always a Great White Fleet ship to bear you southward.

Write for our new illustrated booklet "Caribbean Cruises" telling about the enchantment of the tropics and the quality and service of Great White Fleet ships.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Suspicious Confirmed

The story is told of an engraver in the Government printing shops at Washington who, at the time the first twenty-dollar yellowback gold certificates were issued, received his salary in these new bills and decided to take a short trip to New York.

When paying his hotel bill in New York he handed the clerk one of the yellowbacks, whereupon the clerk turned it over several times, then refused as politely as he could to accept it, saying that he had never seen such a bill and thought it of no value.

"Why!" said the engraver. "Of course it's good. I made it myself just last week."

"That's what I thought," returned the clerk as he rang for the house detective.

—Forbes.

The Perfect Paragraph

After a long day of disappointments, drudgery and petty irritations, we came across the following in a West Country weekly paper:

"The ringing of the fire-bell at D— brought the members of the fire brigade to the market-place in about three minutes, but the alarm was useless, inasmuch as the fire engine was sold some time ago."

—London Daily News.

Out of It

"It's too provoking! Valentina is in Switzerland; Clarice is at the Springs; Nancy is in the Pyrenees, and here I am left all alone."

"Are you so fond of going around to different places?"

"No. But it's ridiculous to be nowhere!"—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

In a London Court

MAGISTRATE: You are forty years of age, you say?

FEMALE WITNESS: Yes, alas! One gets older every day. And yet (*heaving a sigh*) I was young once. Ah, your lordship, you would hardly believe how young I was.—*Boston Transcript*.

Eternity in an Hour

MOVIE ATTENDANT: Madam, take this opportunity to see "Love Eternal."

LADY: But I have only an hour to spare.

M. A.: Well, it won't last much longer than that.—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)*.

"How d'ja lose your hair?"

"Worry."

"What d'ja worry about?"

"Losin' my hair."—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.

LOVE, a cough, smoke, and money cannot long be hid.—*Eve (London)*.

"The Cascades" a superb new Golf Course ~ at Virginia's Hot Springs



"The Cascades"—in a magnificent natural setting near the famous Homestead Hotel—is indeed the last word in golf course architecture.

The HOMESTEAD Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr. Hot Springs Virginia

Special Winter Rates on Request

Analytical

People who talk of wine and beer as alcohol might just as well invite their aunts to visit them at four o'clock for a cup of tannin.

—London Daily Express.

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS' FIELD GLASSES Brand New



8 Power \$9.85 Postpaid

Genuine German War glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built regardless of cost according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition.

Shipped promptly upon receipt of check or money order for \$9.85, under positive guarantee of full cash refund for any glasses returned.

Order your field glasses today

HENDERSON BROTHERS

Largest Importers of field glasses in America

95-97 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

Coming— The Great

?

CONTEST

With Thirteen
Cash Prizes

Watch for this. It will be the most unusual, most interesting contest that LIFE has ever held.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

for individuals with weak stomachs, since they are insured against putting on weight.

January
2nd

Reading in the public prints that France has asked the United States to make a cut in her indebtedness, I did long, upon falling to the casting up of my accounts, for the intrepidity to make the same demand of my draper. There is a rumour amongst business men that to defer payment of one's obligations occasionally insures better credit than prompt and regular reaction to invoices. I do wish that I could believe it, but Lord! my astrological influences of late have been such that should I put off sending out cheques, the sheriff would be at the door with inconsiderate speed, and I peeking through the bars down in Ludlow Street... To William Beebe's in the evening, and we did all go down to dance in the laboratory, where Sam looked consciously askance at the serpent specimens all about. And Will told us that the ship for his coming expedition to the Sargasso Sea will have a cow-catcher attachment wherefrom he and his men will spear squids, sharks, etc. Well, every man must run some risks in his business, quoth Sam.

Baird Leonard.

When
you mix it
with
Apollinaris
you make a blend
more delicious
than you can get
in any other way.

"The Queen
of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.,
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Winter Cruises

The Right Ships at the
Right Time to Go

If you are considering a winter vacation, study this cruise program and make direct comparisons with other announcements.

More than fifty years' experience in transatlantic steamship operation guarantees your comfort aboard our ships and your pleasure in carefully arranged shore visits.

Egypt and the Mediterranean 46 Days

Red Star Liner **Lapland**, from New York **Jan. 17**. White Star Liner **Adriatic**, from New York **Feb. 26**. Also **Lapland**, **March 6**. Each Cruise back 46 days later.

Madeira, Gibraltar, (Algeiras), Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa (for Holy Land), Alexandria (for Cairo and the Nile country). Naples and Monaco on return voyage. Optional stop-overs in Palestine and Egypt.

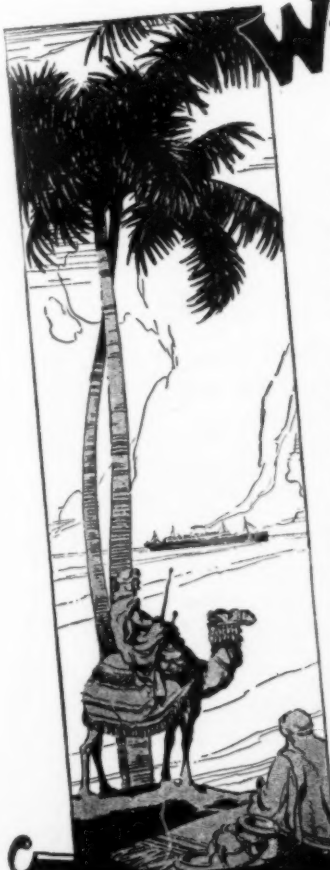
West Indies 30-31 Days

More than 25 years' experience in West Indies cruises. White Star Liner **Megantic** (specially constructed for cruises in the tropics). From New York **Jan. 22** and **Feb. 25**. Returning 30-31 days later.

Havana, Santiago, Haiti, Kingston, Panama Canal, Cartagena, Curaçao, La Guaira, Port of Spain, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau. Cruise may be joined from Florida at Havana and left at Nassau for a longer vacation.

For information apply Cruise Dept., No. 1 B'way, New York, our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE



"Did you ever see such a change in any one? Grace used to be positively stout. Now she's one of the smartest dressed women I know. She must have done something to regain her youthful figure."

She did do something. Realizing that her success and charm depended upon a slender silhouette, she used Marmola Tablets.

Marmola Tablets are the pleasant way to reduce. Without diets or exercises, you can regain your slender healthy figure again.

Thousands of men and women each year regain slender figures this way. So can you.

Marmola Tablets are one dollar a box at all drug stores or in a plain wrapper, postpaid, from the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Try them.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

KOBLER AIR AND WATER PEARL PIPE

a regular pipe absorbing 19% Nicotin, 85% Pyridin, 33% Ammoniac. \$5.90. Literature free.

Kobler & Co., Inc., 594 26th St., Guttenberg, West New York, N. J.

CRICHTON & CO. LTD.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

New York—636 Fifth Avenue (corner of 51st Street)

Chicago—618 So. Michigan Avenue.

THE Crichton craftsmen in London make exquisite Reproductions of classic Silver patterns. There is also at the Crichton Galleries a broad collection of authentic Old English Silver.



Silver Tea and Coffee Service—copied from a fine George II Model



Right This Way—

FOR over forty years, every new arrival in the calendar has been welcomed personally by

Life

who, being eternally young himself, is qualified to understand and sympathize with the problems of youth.

1925 will be given a rousing send-off in LIFE. In the next seven weeks of his existence, he will be treated to the following numbers:

DIXIE (Jan. 15)—All about the Old South and the New, with a cover by Rea Irvin.

GENERAL (Jan. 22)—A total eclipse cover by Edmund Davenport.

BOOBS' (Jan. 29)—Dedicated to all of us. With a John Held cover.

GENERAL (Feb. 5)—Cover by Charles Dana Gibson.

COMMUTERS' (Feb. 12)—Immortalizing the heroes of the 8:13. Cover by James Montgomery Flagg.

GENERAL (Feb. 19)—Another striking cover by John Held, Jr.

CALIFORNIA (Feb. 26)—God save THE State! Cover by F. G. Cooper.

LIFE
598 Madison
Avenue,
New York.

Here's my \$5.00
(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60). Please
send LIFE for a year to

(365)

Special Offer—Ten Issues for \$1.00

"Why bother with a metal cigarette case?"

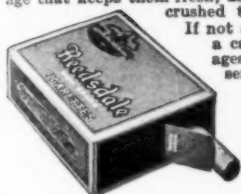
FROM New York City:
"Reedsdale Cigarettes are
very good, and the container is
best ever. Why bother with an
expensive metal case when each
package is its own case?"

(Original letter in our file)

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for twenty! They
are put up in a new and specially designed pack-
age that keeps them fresh, unbroken, and un-
crushed to the last one.

If not at your dealer's,
a carton of 5 pack-
ages (100 cigarettes)
sent for a dollar.

Smoke one
package. If not
satisfied return
remaining
packages and
get your money
back.



Reed Tobacco Co., 130 So. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

The Louvain Library Fund

THIS is the closing year for the
Fund for the Louvain Library, de-
stroyed during the Great War. As we
Americans promised the Belgians it
should be restored, it is a matter of
national honor for us to see that the
new Library building is completed and
free from debt when they celebrate the
five-hundredth anniversary of the
founding of Louvain University in
August next. Won't you help? We
gratefully acknowledge the following:

Previously acknowledged....	\$561.00
Boys of Cathedral Choir	
School, New York.....	3.00
In Honor of Mr. Robert	
Benchley and Mr. Robert	
Sherwood and For the	
Good Cause	50.00

\$614.00

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails
to remove dandruff completely, and that
is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it
entirely. To do this, just apply a little
Liquid Arvon at night before retiring;
use enough to moisten the scalp and rub
it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your
dandruff will be gone, and two or three
more applications will completely dis-
solve and entirely destroy every single
sign and trace of it, no matter how much
dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the
scalp will stop instantly, and your hair
will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft,
and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and
a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This
simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



Why not a Trip to France instead of a summer cottage?

AREN'T you a bit tired of your cottage at the beach—the chatter from the same old
crowd? Your camp in the mountains?

Why not rent both places and go to France this summer? Spend a week or so in Paris,
international capital of all gayety. Shop in the Rue de la Paix. Dine outdoors at the chic
restaurants in the Bois. Enjoy the plays, the races, the opera.

Take a motor trip through the high and lovely mountains of Dauphiny, where the
little villages cling to the roof of the world, and the bells of the monasteries chime down
the slopes, and the peasant children greet you with shy smiles and bunches of sweet
lavender . . .

Go to Mont St. Michel for the thrill superb, and see that shining wonder across the
long pale sands. Take tea at Falicon, high over the green valley behind Nice. Think of
Duguesclin stalking the midnight streets of Rennes—and little Jeanne D'Arc meeting
her king at Chinon.

Add this experience to the pleasure of your Atlantic crossing. Walk into France at the
French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another
gangplank . . . then the boat train—and in three hours you're in Paris. Easiest and by
far the most enjoyable way to make such a trip . . .

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York



Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities
of Europe and the United States

Automobile Geometry

In any given triangle there can be
only one right angle, except in a
wreck-tangle when the angles of both
the owners are right angles.

A wrong turn is the shortest distance
to the traffic court.

To change an obtuse (angle) constable
to a right (angle) constable: Draw
a bill from your pocket in a line tangent
to the constable; describe a circle with
it so that the number in the corner
becomes visible. When the sum of the
bills thus drawn becomes equal to the
vulnerability of the constable, the con-
stable's arm will describe an arc from

your hand to his pocket. This is what
is known as squaring the constable.

Given a tie-up, the anger of the traf-
fic cop is always greater than the angers
of the colliding parties.

To describe a circle: Take a car
down a one-way street in the wrong
direction. When half-way see a cop
waiting at the other end. You will then
describe a circle with neatness and dis-
patch.

B. B.

A REAL optimist is one who works a
cross-word puzzle with a fountain
pen.

Takes the Fight out of the Stiffest Beard

Barbasol is the World's Champion beard tamer. Just spread it through the stubble and shave. No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Try Barbasol—3 times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

Desirable Publicity

NEWSPAPER MAN: Here are figures showing that nearly thirty people were killed on grade crossings of your railroad in one state alone. Do you want these facts published?

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: Sure! It will warn the poor boob to be more careful in the future.

MEDITERRANEAN (Jan. 31) AROUND THE WORLD (Jan. 30) NORWAY and MEDITERRANEAN (July 1)

Seasonal cruises by superb, specially chartered, new, oil-burning Cunarders. Reasonable rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees, etc. European stopovers.

LONGEST EXPERIENCED MANAGEMENT

Expert staff. Limited membership.

Please specify program desired.

CLARK'S TOURS

Times Bldg., N. Y.



INGERSOLL'S Greatest Thoughts in 1 Volume

THIS new volume contains the greatest thoughts of the Great Ingersoll. It has over 400 pages and is beautifully bound in cloth and boards. Among the numerous selections are the following:

The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child
What Infidels Have Done
The Creed of Science
At a Child's Grave
The Jews
Art and Morality

The Theological Christ
Speech Nominating Blaine
The Children of the Stage
An Essay on Christmas
The Church in the Time
of Voltaire
What Is Religion?

and other choice selections of the celebrated Orator. Don't miss this opportunity to get the only authorized edition of the choicest of Ingersoll's selections published in one volume. Send no money, just pay postman \$1.25 plus postage on arrival. Order your copy AT ONCE.

FREE with each book we will send a copy of the affidavit executed by Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll regarding Colonel Ingersoll's death. This is a very important historical document.

EUGENICS PUB. CO., Dept. 161, 1658 B'way, N. Y. C.

Leading Away from the Jack

I THINK that banks ought to let the employees that handle the money swipe some of it, from time to time. Perhaps it would make them happier. After playing authors with twenty-dollar bills all day long, a man comes to have a less impersonal feeling about them than you or I have. It eats into his soul, as it were—

"With one for you and one for ye,

But never, ah, never a one for me."

Perhaps, then, if one of these dyspeptic-visaged minotaurs could snatch a bill now and again, it would tickle him so that he might let you have your own money without making you feel as if all the wives and children of the vice-presidents were going without supper that night. Heaven knows it's bad enough to draw money out of the bank without having the presiding genie make faces about it.

Of course, if the rule were put into effect, it might eventually run into a tidy sum unless regulated. Still, a neat sign like "Tellers lifting more than \$100 a week from the till will have the surplus stopped out of their wages" would pay for itself. And there are any number of ways in which the bank could cut down expenses in order to come out even at the end of the month.

For instance, it could make the managers print their own desk name-plates. It could stop sending circulars. It could use less gilt paint, plate glass and mahogany in the interior and modify the acreage of marble floor. Nobody would mind the innovation, and it would prevent embarrassment to parents whose accompanying children always ask in a loud voice if they are in a church.

Best of all, the bank could dispense with the services of that stuffed uniform that is always gum-shoeing about. You know whom I mean. He always grows his whiskers after one of the ex-crowned heads of Europe and then forgets he is only an imitation. He looks over your shoulder when you are making out a check. He tells you the wrong date. If you lay a parcel down for a moment, he picks it up and offers it to a total stranger. He does sleight-of-hand tricks with your fountain pen. Failing that, he insults you. I believe he has "Special Officer" or something similar worked into the collar of his uniform.

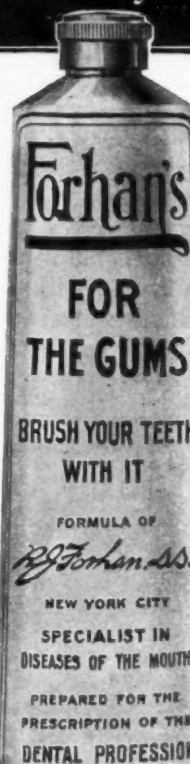
And that's the goof I'm really trying to do something about.

H. W. H.

NED: Why do you keep so many old magazines scattered around your room?

TED: Oh, it's to remind me to go to the doctor.

Protect your gums and
save your teeth



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents the gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks four out of five people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigorized to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Silent Cal

THE success of the Republicans seems to have brought about a general business boom. This does not include, however, those unfortunate beings known as "White House reporters," who are facing four long, lean years.

Easy to Play Easy to Pay

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

BENNIE KRUEGER
Director Bennie Krueger and His Orchestra, Brunswick Records.

Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start—in a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. No teacher necessary. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' Trial and easy payments arranged. (100)

Free Saxophone Book Shows all models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
446 BUESCHER BLOCK • ELKHART, INDIANA



VERA: "WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE MEN AVOID HER?"

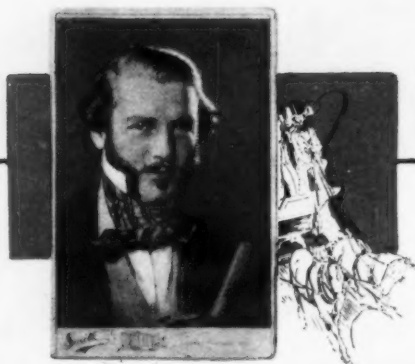
FLOSS: "I CAN'T IMAGINE — SHE'S SO ATTRACTIVE
A GIRL, TOO."

[Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).]

Shave every day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

for better shaving



Men have tried in many ways, from the days of Homer down to the era of tintypes and trombones, to find a justification for whiskers.

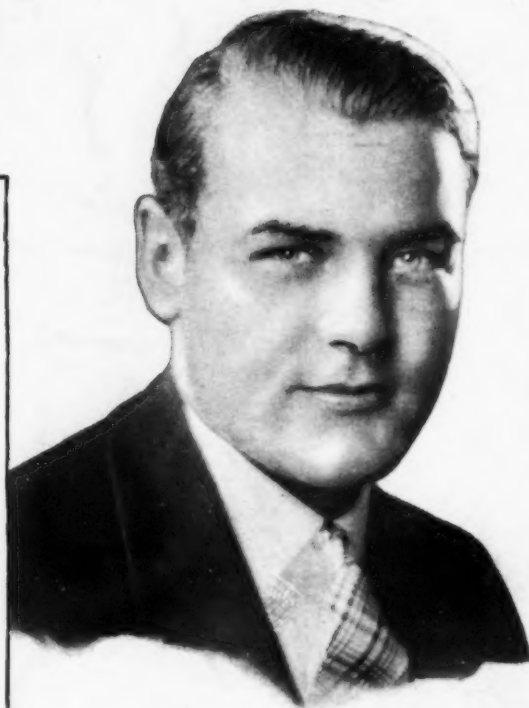
In ancient Rome, when the head of the house wore the family tablecloth as a street suit, poets thought whiskers made them look wise.

That supposition served one helpful purpose. It enabled people to avoid bearded bards who were determined to recite their poetry.

Later, when the coach-and-four indicated social prominence, men of fashion utilized their whiskers as ornamental shrubbery; but such things could not go on.

Even the prettiest of the patch-work beards were doomed as soon as shaving comfort was assured.

Set a portrait of the man who shaves beside a picture of his be-whiskered ancestor, and you will see how little there was in the idea that hair upon the face imparted dignity or symbolized wisdom.



TODAY~

shaving comfort is assured by the use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

It makes a close, moist lather which softens the beard instantly *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

There is no need, when you use Colgate's, of mussy rubbing in with the fingers.

Men who try Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream realize at once that it gives a *better shave*. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 23
199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....

Address.....

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the coupon, with 4c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
NEW YORK

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

MINNEAPOLIS BINN